MILA AND SHIRO: TWO HEARTS IN VOLLEYBALL

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By Alba Pratalia

[INTRO – Loud synth intro, studio audience cheering like it's court-ordered. The presenter walks in wearing a glitter jacket and a smirk that screams "I've ruined families for ratings."]

PRESENTER:

Good evening and welcome to *The Late Night No Shit Show*—where friendships go to burn, and we fan the flames with lube and popcorn.

Tonight's combatants:

Mila and **Shiro** — beach volleyball partners, friends since that unfortunate sunburn incident of 2018, and—allegedly—*just friends.*

We asked them a question each before the show.

Separately.

Privately.

In different rooms.

With a camera.

And no context.

Let's see what the *truth* looks like under studio lighting.

[CUT TO SPLIT SCREEN – LEFT: SHIRO | RIGHT: MILA]

INTERVIEWER (O.S.):

Shiro, would you eat Mila out?

SHIRO (without blinking):

Sure. Where is she?

AUDIENCE:

OOOOOOHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

[RIGHT SIDE – MILA BLINKS TWICE, FROWNS SLIGHTLY]

INTERVIEWER (O.S.):

Mila, would you suck Shiro off?

MILA (dry as the Sahara):

Gross. No. He's my *friend*.

[CUT BACK TO STUDIO – PRESENTER GRINS LIKE A CAT WHO JUST HEARD A MOUSE CONFESS TO TAX FRAUD]

PRESENTER:

Aaaaaaaaaaaaand… *debate.*

[MILA and SHIRO now seated center stage, each gripping a microphone like it's a detonator.]

SHIRO (smiling but dead inside):

Gross? Seriously? I offered *oral generosity*, and you responded with *gag reflex*?

MILA:

I responded with boundaries, Shiro. It's called *not wanting my best friend's penis near my tonsils.*

SHIRO:

But I said yes! That's feminist! That's giving!

MILA:

That's thirsty.

SHIRO:

It's *hydrated*! Emotionally! For *you*!

PRESENTER (sipping from a mug labeled "TEARS"):

So Mila, you find the idea of giving Shiro a blowjob… repulsive?

MILA:

Yes.

SHIRO:

Wow. Just… wow. I'm a clean man. I floss. I use scented body wash. I listen when you talk about your period.

MILA:

Listening isn't foreplay, Shiro.

SHIRO:

It *should be!*

[AUDIENCE GOES NUTS – one person faints, possibly from secondhand embarrassment]

PRESENTER (gleeful):

Next segment—Mila is hooked up to a lie detector.
Shiro is lowered from the ceiling, shirtless, oiled, playing *Careless Whisper* on a kazoo.
If she twitches, she's lying. If he cries, we zoom in.

This is *The Late Night No Shit Show.*
Where friendship is just a restraining order waiting to happen.

[FADE OUT – theme song: “Let’s Get Platonic (But Not Really)” – by Pitbull ft. Freud]

[PART 2 – NO INTRO. CHAOS IS ALREADY IN PROGRESS.]
The camera cuts back in mid-screech. Audience is HOWLING. The presenter is off to the side, drinking Pepto straight from the bottle. Two stagehands are holding back Shiro. Mila has barricaded herself behind a decorative potted plant. The potted plant is fake. The damage is real.]

SHIRO (yelling):
You let me massage your calves after every match! That’s *basically* a prelude to cunnilingus!

MILA (also yelling):

No, that's a prelude to not cramping, you oversexed shiitake mushroom!

PRESENTER (muttering to crew):

Why did we even build the 'Friendship Couch' if no one sits on it?

STAGEHAND 1:

The couch is currently on fire.

STAGEHAND 2 (yelling over noise):

Shiro just called her *a traitor to intimacy*!

MILA (from behind plant):

I heard that!

SHIRO:

You said *gross*. *Gross!* Do you know what that does to a man's heart? I was ready to alphabet your soul with my tongue!

MILA (emerging like a goddess of war and restraining orders):

And I was ready to recommend you to therapy with a voucher and a prayer!

SHIRO:

You said I'm like a brother! What kind of Game of Thrones trauma is that?!

MILA:

You flirt like a broken bidet. Unwanted. Wet. And misdirected.

[THE AUDIENCE IS NOW STANDING, CHANTING: "LET THEM FIGHT! LET THEM FIGHT!"]

PRESENTER (stepping forward, defeated):

We were going to play *'Friend or Fondle'* next… but the fondle is dead, and the friend's on life support.

STAGEHAND 1 (radioing backstage):

Activate *Containment Protocol: Platonic Meltdown.*

[LOUD CRASH as Shiro flips the "Volleyball Forever" neon sign]

SHIRO:

All I said was "Sure, where is she?" I didn't even mention positions!

MILA (clapping sarcastically):

How progressive. A man ready to go down without demanding anything back. Alert the Vatican. A *miracle.*

SHIRO (pointing wildly):

THIS is why I'm never vulnerable on national TV again. Next time I'll just nod and say "no comment" like a *dignified horny ghost.*

MILA (grinning):

Oh, baby. You're already ghosted.

[STUDIO AUDIENCE COLLAPSES. PRESENTER SLOWLY PLAYS A HARMONICA INTO THE VOID.]

PRESENTER (deadpan to camera):

Coming up after the break: *We invite two actual strangers to meet, ask each other invasive sex questions, then legally marry them at gunpoint.*

This is *The Late Night No Shit Show.*
Where dignity is optional, and closure is never an option.

[ROLL CREDITS OVER A LOOPING REPLAY OF "Sure, where is she?" + "Gross, no." with sad violin music.]

Want Part 3: The Reconciliation? Or skip straight to The After-Show: Everybody's Crying and Somehow There's a Dolphin?

PART 3: “Still Rolling.”
[CAMERAS WERE NEVER TURNED OFF. DIRECTOR IS NOW JUST EATING POPCORN AND PRAYING FOR A LAWSUIT TO END IT ALL.]

[STAGE: SMOKE, SWEAT, AND DEBRIS. The “Volleyball Forever” neon sign is flickering like a dying insect. The ‘Friendship Couch’ is sideways and soaked with something that will never be identified.]

[MILA—panting, hair wild, mascara channeling warpaint—vaults over a toppled stage light, DRIBBLES two wrist restraints like she’s playing streetball in Hell, and SLAMS

Shiro to the floor in a thundering *friendship suplex.*]

SHIRO (dazed, possibly concussed):

I can explain—

MILA (on top of him, eyes blazing):

You want a blowjob?

SHIRO (blinking):

...uh—

MILA:

WELL THEN, BROTHER—

YOU'RE GETTING ONE.

[*RIP*—his pants explode like they've signed a non-consensual NDA. One button flies off and knocks out a cameraman.]

[CUE: PORNHUB RIMSHOT – *"BA-DUM-TSHHH"* followed immediately by *"BRRRR-WOWWWWWWW"*]

[AUDIENCE SCREAMS. HALF WITH HORROR. HALF WITH HOPE.]

PRESENTER (offstage, whispering into mic):
We are now legally considered an OnlyFans account.

STAGEHAND 1 (whimpering):
That woman just turned *friendzoning* into *soul extraction.*

STAGEHAND 2 (vomiting quietly):
She did it with a volleyball whistle in her mouth…

[BACK TO MILA – still on Shiro, who is now naked from the waist down and questioning the choices that led to this unpaid internship of a life.]

SHIRO (eyes wide):

Are you… are you angry-blowing me?

MILA (voice dark and feral):

No, I'm *friend-cleansing* you.

[CLOSE-UP on audience member holding a sign:
"GOD IS DEAD – AND THE RE-RUNS ARE BETTER"]

[CAMERA 3 – wide shot.
Presenter has climbed a lighting rig. The lighting rig is shaking. Someone is definitely crying.]

PRESENTER:

And that, dear viewers, is how you turn *emotional neglect* into *oral combat.*

Stay tuned.

Up next: *Two zookeepers settle a custody battle over a bisexual parrot—*

but first, this message from our sponsor:

“KY Jelly – For When Boundaries Are Slippery.”

[FADE OUT – Theme song now replaced by soft moaning and a mournful jazz sax.]

PART 4: “THE FRIENDZONE REDEMPTION ARC™”

[Camera is STILL rolling. The studio's live feed has now been pirated by 47,000 VPNs and one priest. Nobody can find the off switch. The FCC is sobbing into a legal pad titled “Jesus, Not Again.”]

[ANGLE: MILA, crouched like a sexual Valkyrie, now face-to-phallus with Shiro's newly revealed··· structural marvel.]

MILA (blinking, slightly alarmed):

Oh.

So··· not bad as I expected.

Actually—*bit worrying* now that I'm mentally cross-referencing my... internal architecture.

Also—love the scent.

SHIRO (smiling like a cologne ad in hell):

Thank you.

It's *Friendfuck™*—

The only intimate soap that gets you out of the friendzone and into the endzone.

[CUE: *CA-CHING* sound effect. Logo flashes on screen. Tagline sparkles: "Available in *Coconut Consent* and *Mutual Mango.*"]

[MILA pauses. Erected penis still politely in hand. Mid-suck.]

MILA (mouth half-full):

Are you… doing product placement *right now*?

SHIRO (shrugs like a gigolo accountant):

You're written down for 50%. As we always do.

MILA:

Bro.

SHIRO:

Bro.

[Tension. A brief moment of mutual respect. Like samurai before battle. But the battlefield is lube-slick and moaning.]

MILA:

sigh

Now she doesn't suck.

She *whirlpools*.

[CAMERA ZOOMS IN. STAGEHAND PASSES OUT. DRUMMER PLAYS A SINGLE ROLL THAT PEAKS IN AN ORGASMIC CYMBAL CRASH.]

[Presenter reappears, now shirtless and resigned.]

PRESENTER:
Ladies, gentlemen, and ambiguous onlookers:
This has become *The Late Night No Shit Show: Carnal Edition*.

We began with volleyball.
We end in a vortex of oral chaos and trademarked soap.

Join us next week when we ask:
"Can platonic roommates accidentally make a baby during a trust fall?"

Until then…

Sleep tight.

Use Friendfuck™.

And may your boundaries be flexible, but your safe words respected.

[FADE OUT. THEME: “Smooth Criminal,” but played on a didgeridoo and moaning.]

Want Part 5: "Aftercare & Court Deposition"? Or skip to “The Olympic Volleyball Orgy: Sponsored by IKEA”?

PART 5: "Hashtag Lifegoal, Asterisk: May Involve Spiritual Evacuation"

(AKA: *The Romantic Soft Category Was a Lie.*)

[INT. STUDIO – CAMERAS ROLLING. THE SET IS A SWAMP. EVERYTHING STICKS. NOTHING HEALS.]

[Pornhub trending label: “Romantic Soft 💕”]

Title: “Best Friends Hook Up 💖”

Category: #Lifegoal #Wholesome #Friends2Lovers #TooMuch #Help

User Comments:

- “So sweet I cried 🥺”
- “I showed this to my partner. We now do trust falls and anal.”
- “Beautiful until… wait… is that… the Tarzan yodel?”

[STAGE – CAMERA 2 – THE SCENE.]

MILA, straddling him like a goddess of vengeance and misguided affection. Her

fingers shine. Her smirk gleams. She has abandoned all gods, all safe words, and all recognizable syntax.

She has sucked so hard that *physics* has left the chat.

Then—YES, YES THIS HAPPENS—
She plunges two fingers in after using her own pussy as the sacred anointment oil.

[SFX: Wet sounds so loud the studio mics distort.]

SHIRO (gripping the sides of his soul):
Two... two is...
Ask not for whom the bell tolls... IT TOLLS FOR THREE.

MILA (fingers deep, tongue out):

Bro—

I'm drinking it if you deliver it.

SHIRO (suddenly fluent in all jungle dialects):

Bro—

Hope you're thirsty because—

[AND THEN IT HAPPENS.]

The Tarzan yodel. Not performed. Not uttered. EMITTED.

Not from the throat. From *every cell.* A sound ancient tribes once feared. A note only heard by whales, dogs, and exorcists.

[CAMERA 3 – PANS TO AUDIENCE SECTION: Now just an empty lot with a single raccoon clapping solemnly.]

[CUT TO: Pornhub HQ]

Intern 1: "What the *fuck* was that sound?"

Intern 2 (crying): "They… they said it was 'romantic soft'…"

Intern 1: "That was *emotionally hard* and *existentially wet.*"

Intern 2: "He yodeled his cum, Ryan. He *yodeled* it."

[STUDIO – LIGHTS FLICKER. PLUMBING FAILS. THE PLANT IN THE BACK BEGINS TO BLOOM OUT OF SEASON.]

SHIRO (twitching):

I saw stars. And my grandfather. He was… clapping?

MILA (dripping and victorious):

You're welcome.

Friendship *delivered.*

[TITLE CARD FADES IN: “LATE NIGHT NO SHIT SHOW – ROMANTIC EDITION, BROKEN.”]

RATING: 18+ / SPIRITUALLY UNRATED / PENDING INVESTIGATION

PART 6: "THE ZEUS-LEVEL TONGUE TECHNIQUE"

(Alt title: “Not Even the Gods Lick Like This”)

Rated: 🌀💦⚡🍑

[INT. STUDIO – RAVAGED SET. The “Friendship Couch” is now a wet skeleton of its former self. Most of the audience wears ponchos. A full lifeguard team stands by.]

[SHIRO—no longer a man, but a *vessel* for ancient pleasure gods—has entered BERSERK MODE.]

MILA (sensing doom, smiling like she's waited seasons for this):

I always knew one day you'd do it.

I just didn't know you'd bring the *Old Testament* with you.

[AND THEN HE *TACKLES*. GENTLY—

NOPE.

AGGRESSIVELY—ALSO NO.

POSSESSEDLY—YES.

He pins her like a storm god mounts a sacrificial altar and goes *down*.

Not "goes down"—

Goes Olympus Mode.

Tongue first. Thought second. Mercy: cancelled.

[SFX: thunder. wet thunder. like Zeus with a Slip 'N Slide.]

MILA (two seconds in, legs convulsing like WiFi's cutting out):
It··· it can't be one already, you bastard!

[SHIRO doesn't respond. He's lost to the rhythm. He's become the rhythm. The rhythm is *moist.*]

[STUDIO LIGHTS FLICKER. THE CAMERA SHAKES. AN OLD MAN IN ROW 2 BEGINS TO PRAY IN LATIN.]

SHIRO (emerging from between her legs, gasping):

BRING HER GATORADE!

QUICK!

STAGEHAND (panicked):

Lemon-lime or Glacier Freeze?!

SHIRO:

BOTH! DOUBLE WIELD!

SHE'S GONNA *BAPTIZE THE FLOOR!*

[AND THEN SHE DOES.

A geyser. A *damn biblical geyser.*

Shiro gets soaked.

The stage glistens.

The front three rows become a marine biome.

Camera 2 dies in a sizzling *fzzzt*.

Camera 4 spontaneously combusts.

The bust of Johnny Carson is *swept off its pedestal*, smirking eternally as it floats away like Moses in reverse.]

[SFX: sirens. applause. orgasm. more sirens.]

PRESENTER (from the roof, clinging to a dangling mic):

We… we just hit Category 5.

We need FEMA.

And towels.

SO MANY TOWELS.

[MILA (soaked, glowing, speaking in tongues or maybe just French):

Bro...

You just exorcised my uterus.

SHIRO (on all fours, steam rising from his jaw):

Bro...

I saw Atlantis.

It winked at me.

TITLE CARD: "THE LATE NIGHT NO SHIT SHOW – EPISODE 6: CUNNILINGUS AND CONSEQUENCES"

Brought to you by: Trojan, Gatorade, and Poseidon.

PART 7: “PLATFORM WARS – The Cummercial Break”

(Alt title: “Streaming Services After Dark”)

Rated: Verbal Violence, Platform Polyamory, and Metaphysical Ejaculation

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[INT. VOID – POST-ORGASMIC BLACKNESS. Just logos. Floating. Breathing heavily. Arguing like ex-lovers in a sauna.]

[CUE: Pornhub rimshot → *Ba-dum-tssshhh*]

[CUE: Netflix *DUNNNN*– sinister and horny]

[LOGO: Pornhub, flickering like a used neon sign in the back of a gas station sex shop.]

Pornhub (sarcastic):

Get *off,* Netflix. This is our corner.

Work yours. With your mood lighting and your slow zooms.

[LOGO: Netflix, glossier, redder, smugger than God.]

Netflix:

Bitch, *please.*

We air *Game of Thrones*, *The Borgias*, *Outlander*…

Half your traffic reruns our incest scenes in *480p*.

We are *foreplay with a plot*.

Pornhub:

No *shit*, genius.

We *are* the plot.

We give them the kink *without* the excuse.

No dragons, no castles, no time travel—just *raw dog and regret.*

Netflix (mock polite):

No no no—sir…? Madam?

Corporate collective of cum clips?

We lure *your* audience in with softcore nipples—

Then *keep* them with Emmy-winning trauma.

[CUTAWAY: SHIRO and MILA, still post-coital, half-dressed, glowing like the ruins of Pompeii.]

SHIRO (gentle, vulnerable):

Would you like to… come to my place?

MILA (softly, almost breaking):

I thought you'd never ask.

Pornhub (pointing at screen like a proud stripper):

Precisely our point!

People want *kinky*!

Netflix (smug):

And *after* they cum, they want *Breaking fucking Bad*.

[SUDDEN INTRUSION: Logo smash. The *Simpsons* theme plays on a kazoo. Yellow explodes.]

FOX (yelling):

AND THE SIMPSONS!

Pornhub and Netflix (in unison):

STAY OUT OF IT!

FOX (muttering):

We did it first.

Bart once saw a bra.

Lisa's saxophone is shaped like a—

[A SINGLE GONG. SILENCE.]

[Enter: Criterion Collection. Black-and-white. Smoking a cigarette. French.]

CRITERION (calm):

You are all children.

We show butts *in context*.

[Everyone groans. Hulu quietly pees itself in a corner.]

[CUE: Final montage. Mila and Shiro walk off hand-in-hand, fully clothed, drenched in liquids and emotional ambiguity. The stage still floods. Johnny Carson's bust floats by wearing a condom like a party hat.]

TITLE CARD: "THE LATE NIGHT NO SHIT SHOW – PLATFORM SPECIAL"

Sponsored by:

Pornhub – "Come for the sex, stay until your phone dies."

Netflix – "You're not still watching? Yes you are, pervert."

Gatorade – "Jesus Christ, hydrate."